A Welcome SONG, Perform'd before the
KING and QUEEN,
At *GUILD-HALL*, October 29. 1692.

'TIS so, that must the Signal be,
The bold encreasing Joy declares 'tis He:
William our Royal Master comes agen,
William the Favourite found of Heaven and Men,
The Ecchoing Guns, the pleasing News Proclaim,
And endless Shouts, Repeat and Bless the Name.
What Offerings shall we bring
To welcome home our Friend, our Saviour, and our King?
Our Friend, nor does the King that Term disdain,
He makes our Interest, our only Chain;
Nor will as Tyrant, o're a murmuring People Reign:
What Generous Brittains *will you do,*
Your Pious Gratitude to show?
For much you have receiv'd, and much you owe.
His early Labours give you ease,
His Dangers dearly buy your Peace.
What hath He not perform'd, what doth He not endure,
Your Freedom, and your Altars to secure?
What Generous Brittains *will you do,*
Your Pious Gratitude to show?
In gladsome Songs our Thanks we'll give,
With Joys untaught, unbid, our King receive;
Our Virgins shall before Good *David* Dance,
And sprightly Youths with the Gay Throng advance:
Fresh Garlands Beauteous Fingers shall prepare,
And living Odours shall perfume the Air.
With pompous Trophies we will Treat his Eyes,
Trophies, whose Heads, above the Clouds shall rise,
Whose Artful Splendour shall outshine the Skies.
Harmonious Magick shall the Evening close,
And lull the weary'd *HERO* to Repose.
Thus *Sybarites* should make their Court,
When they Triumphantly bring home
Their slothful Kings, who from safe Conquests come,
From Ravisht Maids, and Temples burnt in sport.
We must not thus our Master Entertain,
William such study'd Luxuries will disdain.
Nor can your feeble Musick reach an Ear,
Us'd to the Nobler Noise of War, thro' all the rowling Year.
What Generous Brittains *will you do,*
Your Pious Gratitude to show?
He shall with Heaven divide our Praise,
We'll Incense burn, and Altars raise.
Such servile Hommage cannot please the Brave,
The *HERO* hates the Impious, and the Slave:
Those Offerings should to Heaven alone be paid,
And our Good Master truly Just,
Not sway'd by any lawless Lust,
Heaven's Sacred Rights will ne're invade.
What Generous Brittains *will you do,*
Your Pious Gratitude to show?
Loaden with Gold, our King we'll meet,
And pour our Treasures at His Feet.
Yet He will be no Richer than before;
'Tis for your Service He receives your Ore,
And drains his own Hereditary Store.
What e're you give, is your own gain,
Your Gold returns in show'rs again;
The Royal Fingers touch not it,
You give your Army, and your Fleet:
Your staggard Coast your Pleasure keep,
Supports your Trade, and your Affairs.
Our Master doth no Treasure heap,
No costly Ointments Grace His Head,
He lies not on a Downy Bed.
No *Cleopatra* pays, nor knows a Sumptuous Board.
What Generous Brittains *will you do,*
Your Pious Gratitude to show?
We'll for our Sacred Master Fight,
Defend His Person, and Protect His Right.
Alas, your Master Fights for you,
Or little would your boasted Courage do:
He Taught the Naked *Britains* how to Fight,
Made War their Art, as well as their Delight.
With Pious Care He manages their Force,
Informs their Fury, and directs their Course.
The Souldiers seeming Aid He will not spare,
He Orders, and He Fights, and is alone the War.
What Generous Brittains *will you do,*
Your Pious Gratitude to show?
What is't, alas, we can do more?
His Benefits exceeds our Store.
With honest care, we the account survey,
Allow the mighty Debt, but never hope to pay.
Yet what to willing *Brittains* is denyed?
Heaven by propertious Bounty hath supply'd,
Heaven which our *British Mary* made his Bride.
Equal Rewards in Her His Labours find,
In Her the Blessing of our Eyes, the Joy of Humane Kind.
Beyond this Boon, what can the King receive?
What has indulgent Heaven beside to give?
It has; That they may long, long happy live.
Let us then beg with bold resistless Prayr,
That Heaven would bless us long the Royal Pair,
And make its Favourite work its Favourite Care.
We with concerning pleasure shall look on,
And in Their Happiness behold our own,
The Blessing bound to us, that on Their heads are thrown.
Here end the Song, here cease the Lays,
Silence is better than unequal Praise.
The Panting Muse with generous Fury burns,
But oh tho never ceasing Transports mourns,
She flags her Pinions, and her Weakness Mourns.
Yet still She strives, and her last Accents say
Be Happy Free-born *Britains* while you may,
And learn to value the important Day;
The Happiness which by your Labouring Stars is meant,
Your Folly, and your Baseness only can prevent.
Remember This, the Muse no more will say
Be Happy Free-born *Britains* while you may;
Remember what you were, and what you are;
Review the Horrors of your late Despair,
Think to what Hands, and to what Blood you owe
All that Brave Men can Conquer, or Heroes know;
Think this, and then, &c.
Nobly Free, and Generously Happy,
Sincerely Love, and Chearfully Pay.

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